

foppish Englishman, the nux vomica of modern society commonly called the dude.

Great opportunity now for missionary work among the successful classes. It is no unusual thing to see fashionable women intoxicated in street and car and restaurant. The number of fine ladies who drink too much is terrifically increasing. You see them in the drawing-room of exalted society. First the eye gets glossy and then the cheek unusually flushed, and then she goes into fits of excruciating laughter about nothing, and then she offers some sickening flatteries and tells some homely man how well he looks, and then her friends get her into the carriage and by the time the home is reached it takes the coachman and the gentleman of the party to get her up the front steps. People say, she was taken ill, but the fact is she took too much champagne and mixed liquors and was drunk. Yes, religion needs to come and fix up even the marriage relation in America.

There are professors of religion who have too many wives and too many husbands, and society needs to be expurgated and washed and fumigated and Christianized.

The trouble is in all departments that people have an idea that they can do all the religion that is necessary on Sunday with hymn-books and creed and liturgy, and while some of them sit and roll up their eyes as though they were ready for translation, their Sabbath day is bounded on all sides by inconsistency of life, and while you are looking out for the coming out under their arms of the wings of an angel, there comes out on their forehead the horns of a beast. We want religion to make a new departure. Some say we need a new religion. No. Within our memory we have had the daguerreotype and the ambrotype and the photograph, but it is the same old sun shining in the heavens, and all these arts are only putting the same sunlight to new uses. So it must be the old Gospel with new appliances. First give your hearts to God and then fill your life with good works. Consecrate to him your store-house, your factory, your banks, your Insurance Companies, and your homes. The world may not hear it, but God will and that is better.

N. Georgetown, Ohio.

A beautiful world our Father has made,  
Adorned with the sunshine and touched with the shade,

Artistic its beauty and grand its design;  
Its Maker is glorious, matchless, divine.  
The mountain, the meadow, the ocean, the stream,  
In sunshine, in shadow, in moonlight's soft gleam,  
Are pictures of beauty that speak to my soul  
Of heavenly wisdom, of loving control.

—E. M. H., in the treasury.

## Sisters' S. C. E.

### FROM THE PRESIDENT.

Dear Sisters of the Endeavor: The remittance blanks have now been sent to the different societies, and we are anxiously waiting your response. Will you do your duty? Will you, as officers of the societies, promptly send your remittance to Sister Keim, so that her report need not be delayed, and that when it is published your society shall be in the list? The full list of societies will be published this spring, showing amount remitted by each society for each purpose specified in the constitution. A dash following the name of any society will show that no remittance has been received from that society. The list will be arranged according to States showing the number and names of societies in each State. If any new societies have been organized, or any old ones have disbanded please notify us, so that the list may be revised or corrected.

If you, as individuals, have not yet paid your dues, will you not do so at once, that the remittance from your society need not be delayed on your account? It is such a small amount from each, only ten cents, so that it seems to me there need be no delay. How many dimes some of us have for ourselves—how few for our Lord. I have known persons who thought ten cents per member was too much for a family of six or eight to pay to the S. S. C. E., but who would pay twenty-five cents per head to attend a musical, magic lantern exhibition, or theatricals. I have known women with four and five feathers on their hats, to plead too great poverty, and too great need at home to send ten cents twice a year to the S. S. C. E. Treasury, that sinners elsewhere, "who know not Jesus, might learn of him and live," or that young, earnest, consecrated men and women might be educated to preach the everlasting Gospel. I have known men and women to sing, "All I have, I give to Jesus, it belongs to him," and yet with large farms and beautiful homes, and bank accounts, refuse to give for the advancement of Christ's cause outside the boundaries of their own local church. Are we not a little inconsistent, dear Sisters? If "Christ is all, all in all," as we sometimes sing, if he is, to our hearts, the fairest among ten thousand, the One altogether lovely, shall we lavishly spend upon ourselves, and sparingly and grudgingly give to him? Shall we revel in luxury and comfort, while his cause goes begging?

We are now entering upon the glad spring time

"While buds that yet the blasts of winter fear,  
Stand at the door of life and ask to clothe the year,"

Soon all nature will be rejoicing in new life, and the earth will be all abloom with beauty and fragrance and the birds will sing, and the insects will chirp, and the cattle on a thousand hills be glad. Shall we too "rejoice and be glad in it?" As nature wakes from winter's sleep and cold, let us, by "a closer walk with God," wake to deeper spiritual life, and renewed energy to a zeal and enthusiasm for Christ that shall not merely be voiced forth in the songs we sing, but shall be manifested in our *living* and in our *giving*.

I still hold under my care, the pledges given to the Theological Department of Ashland College. Since Conference I have received from brother C. Rowland of Lanark, Ill., \$5, payment in full of his pledge. I also received a donation of \$2 from sister Alice Schindel of Hagerstown, Md. Quite a number of payments were due during the winter months just gone by, but having been away from home, I could not attend to notifying the persons then. I hope however, to attend to it now at an early date and all responses will be credited on back of pledge. We do not have a Theological chair at Ashland at present, but all pledge money will be held in trust, and we hope to be able to use it at Ashland next year. When you receive notice that a payment on your pledge is due, will you promptly respond? Remember our motto, "Whatsoever thy hand findeth to do, do it with thy might."

LAURA E. N. GROSSNICKLE.

### GRAVELTON, IND.

S. S. C. E. met at Gravelton March 10. After devotional exercises the following officers were elected for the ensuing year: President, Sister Stuckman; vice president, Sister Hunsicker; secretary, sister Ollie Fuller; treasurer, Sister Clause; reporter, Sister Malcolm. After officers were elected arrangements were made to make a piece of carpet for the church. The society adjourned by repeating the Lord's Prayer.

MINNIE MALCOLM.

### A BRAVE MOTHER.

A striking instance of a cat's maternal devotion is reported by the San Francisco Chronicle. While the steamer Saturn was in port the pet cat of the seaman had a litter of kittens, which she installed amid the freight on the wharf. Sailing day came, and the steamer, on her way to Liverpool, was about two hundred yards from the pier when the cat realized what was going on. She was leaving her kittens behind her to starve. She jumped overboard, swam back to the wharf, climbed a pile, and dripping with water ran to her babies.